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There is a light falls on the distant sea,  
 From midnight stars that o'er its billows shine;  
 A music in the wild waves' melody,  
 That seems the breathings of thy voice divine;  
 I gaze, and fancy pictures thee afar,  
 In every silvery cloud, and Heaven illuming star.

I hear thy step upon the grassy mound;  
 I feel thee in the zephyr murmuring by;  
 The gush of waters, with their fresh'ning sound,  
 And the deep glory of the twilight sky.  
 No, not with pomp or splendor dost thou dwell:  
 Thy home, the lonesome wood, the mountain and the dell

Spirit of Peace—once more my weary eyes  
 Turn to those fields that stretch beyond my sight;  
 To those dim hills that melt in golden skies,  
 And image there, thy wings of radiant light;  
 See thee in passing clouds, and catch the gleam  
 Of thy bright shadow in the glassy stream.

C. E. da F

## THE NURSERIES OF WAR.

BY REV. GEO. C. BECKWITH.

There has been in every age an almost universal conspiracy of influences, if not of direct efforts, to train mankind for the love and practice of war. The school, the fireside, the pencil, and the chisel, history, poetry and nearly every department of literature, have been from time immemorial its handmaids, and served to keep alive its spirit all over the earth.

I have recently met in my light reading, with some pertinent illustrations of this truth. Every cultivated mind is familiar with the life and character of the late Dr. Arnold, so eminent as a scholar, a teacher and a historian. History was his favorite study; and in his history of Rome, and his preliminary lectures at Oxford, he has left pretty large contributions to this department of literature. Had he lived twenty years longer he might have eclipsed, in fame and influence, nearly all the English histories.

But mark the early, irrevocable bias of his mind in favor of war. "He never lost," says his biographer, "the recollection of the impression produced upon him by the excitement of naval and military affairs, of which he naturally saw and heard much by living at the Isle of Wight"—his birth place—in the time of war; and the sports in which he took most pleasure with the playmates of his childhood, were in sailing rival fleets

in his father's garden, or acting the battles of the Homeric heroes with whatever implements he could use as spear and shield, and reciting their several speeches from Pope's translation of the Iliad. At the university, his friend and classmate, Justice Coleridge, says, "we fought over the Peninsula battles, and the Continental Campaigns, with the energy of disputants personally concerned in them." Such has been the training of nearly all historians; and as a natural, inevitable result, they have infused the war-spirit into the whole history of the world, and made it a most insidious eulogist of war and warriors. With such histories read by all the young, it will be well nigh impossible ever to train up a generation of real christian peace-makers.

Take another example from the gentler sex. Every body has read Charlotte Elizabeth; but her writings so strongly stamped with the impress of genius, and so decidedly evangelical in the main, are not pervaded with the true or free spirit of peace. The reason is found in her early education, and in the fact that, like Mrs. Hemans, she married a warrior.

Just take a specimen or two from her *Personal Recollections*. "At this period" during the threatened invasion of England by Napoleon,— "a new feature was added to the reminiscences of my earliest childhood. Military uniforms distinguished at least *two thirds* of the male congregation"—her father was an Episcopal clergyman,— "and *martial music* accompanied the psalmody of the churches. Thus were we in the midst of the excitement, and by no means idle spectators; for my brother, in whose character the *soldier had reigned predominant from babyhood*,"—this the son of a preacher of the gospel of peace!—"assembled all the little boys of the neighborhood, addressed them in a patriotic speech, and brought them"—those lads ten years old!—"to the unanimous resolution of arming in defence of their country! Those whose finances extended so far, brought *real* wooden guns and swords; others were obliged to content themselves with such weapons as they could shape out of the hedge; a six-penny drum, and a two-penny fife completed the military equipment; while on me devolved the distinguished honor of tacking sundry pieces of silk to an old broomstick, and presenting these colors to the corps with an oration breathing such loyalty and devotion to the good cause of freedom and old England, as wrought to the highest pitch the enthusiasm of the regiment, whose colonel was ten years old, and very few of the officers or men much older."

Here is a pretty fair specimen of the war-nurseries all over the world. What an education for the future authors and teachers, ministers and rulers of Christendom!—No wonder that the war-spirit is so rife, from the professed followers of the Prince of Peace, so slow in coming up to the

teachings of His sermon on the Mount, and to the cheerful, energetic support of his cause, the perpetual pacification of the whole earth.

Poor Charlotte Elizabeth ! Her own hand, and those of her doating parents, were unwittingly sowing the seeds of future bitterness to them all. "My beloved brother," she subsequently states, "had always manifested"—no wonder—"the most decided predilection for a military life. Often had he, in earliest childhood, toddled away from the gate after the fife and drum of a recruiting party ; and often did he march and counter-march me, till I could not stand from fatigue, with a grenadier's cap, alias a muff on my head, and my father's large cane shouldered by way of a firelock. The menaced invasion had added fuel to his martial fire ; and, when any other line of life was pointed out to him, his high spirits would droop, and the desire of his heart show itself with increasing decision. Our parents were very anxious to settle him at home for my sake, who seemed unable to live without him ; and I am sure that my influence would have prevailed even over his long-cherished inclination, so dearly did he love me ; but here the effect of my pernicious reading showed itself, and forged the first link in a chain of sorrows. I viewed the matter through the lying medium of romance"—of history too, she might have added with almost equal truth ;—"glory, fame, a conquerer's wreath, or a hero's grave, with all the vain merit of such a sacrifice as I must myself make in sending him to the field ; these wrought on me to stifle in my aching bosom the cry of natural affection ; and I encouraged the boy in his choice, and helped him to urge on our parents this offering up of their only son, the darling of all our hearts, to the Moloch of war."

Further comments are superfluous ; but how long shall such a pagan education of the young for the shrine of this Moloch be continued in Christendom under the full blaze of the gospel of peace ?

#### THE NAVY.

The little tract, "What is the use of the Navy ?" has passed through many editions and been extensively circulated ; but the friends of the Navy have not yet very clearly answered the question.

We again ask, what is the use of the Navy ? It has been said, that by presenting a hostile front—by a dog-like shewing the teeth, it frightens other nations into peace with us. It is a poor rule that does not work both ways, and we would ask, why does not the *great* Navy of Great Britain frighten us, if our "*glorious*" *little* Navy is to frighten her ? Officers of the United States Navy, are you such cowards as to be frightened